

# AMINTAS,

Or, The constant shepherds complaint.

Whilst others take delight to range,  
And mostly pleasure take in change, } Amintas vows he'll constant prove;  
Unto the death to his dear Love,  
Tune of, Young Phœon strove the bliss to taste,



**C**hast thoughts within my love-sick  
most welcome do I find, (breast  
Whilst other rangers are possest  
with a lascivious mind,  
Let others love variety,  
my Cælia she adore,  
And might I gain her company  
I'd never covet more.

Such charming sweetness in her eyes,  
I e'er was wont to find,  
They did attract and still surprise,  
and captivate my mind,  
But though she's sickle I must love  
and cannot but admire,  
Though she my passion disapprove,  
it more augments my fire.

Cupid has made too deep a wound,  
that so to cure the smart,  
There's none but she that can be found  
to ease my love-sick heart,  
Oh! might I be so fortunate  
my Shepherdess to gain,  
But she contemns my mean estate,  
and laughs at all my pain.

Her beauty's such none can withstand,  
the attractiveness of her eyes,  
The greatest Monarch may command,  
and at first sight surprise,  
O gods! her victim I'll be still  
and must adore her charms,  
Though she should be inclosed still  
within another's Arms.

# AMINTAS,

Or, The constant shepherds complaint.

Whilst others take delight to range,  
And mostly pleasure take in change, } Amintas vows he'll constant prove;  
Unto the death to his dear Love,  
Tune of, Young Phœon strove the bliss to taste,



**C**hast thoughts within my love-sick  
most welcome do I find, (breast  
Whilst other rangers are possest  
with a lascivious mind,  
Let others love variety,  
my Cælia she adore,  
And might I gain her company  
I'd never covet more.

Such charming sweetness in her eyes,  
I e'er was wont to find,  
They did attract and still surprise,  
and captivate my mind,  
But though she's sickle I must love  
and cannot but admire,  
Though she my passion disapprove,  
it more augments my fire.

Cupid has made too deep a wound,  
that so to cure the smart,  
There's none but she that can be found  
to ease my love-sick heart,  
Oh! might I be so fortunate  
my Shepherdess to gain,  
But she contemns my mean estate,  
and laughs at all my pain.

Her beauty's such none can withstand,  
the attractiveness of her eyes,  
The greatest Monarch may command,  
and at first sight surprise,  
O gods! her victim I'll be still  
and must adore her charms,  
Though she should be inclosed still  
within another's Arms.



Oh cruel say! how oft did you  
both swear and eke protest,  
Your love both reall was and true,  
when yet you were in jest,  
Whilst I believ'd and did receive  
your words with listening strange,  
Yet now you scornfully deride,  
and love to rove and range.

How many houres by me been spent  
in sobs and sighs in vain,  
Each minute full of discontent,  
regardless of my pain,  
Whilst Syren like your looks inswore,  
intending so to deceive,  
For till they love you speak them false,  
and then you take your leave.

The second part to the same Tune,

Beware fair Symph least Cupids Dart  
against you being bent,  
E're long ensnare your stubborn heart  
and cause you to repent,  
Altho that now you scornful are  
and pittie not my flame,  
True Lovers are the gods chief care,  
who will repay the same.

You tax us with inconstancy  
when we poor men do find,  
your Sex does love Variety  
more fickle than the Wind,  
The Ship that rides upon the Waves  
more steadfast in foul weather,  
'gainst which the curling Billows labour  
oft sailing God knows whether.

The Choristers within the Chappels  
with warbling notes can tell,  
When Philomell did chaunt our loves  
I thought that all was well,  
The merry Shepherds on the Lawn,  
how would they sing your praise,  
E're blushing Sol began to dawn  
in their sweet Roundels.

But finding you inconstant prove,  
the Scene is alter'd quite,  
Although they blame me for my Love,  
to you they bear a spite,  
Instead of praises curses strow  
on you each day below,  
When that your name comes them be-  
as with their flocks they go. (Sore)

In time therefore my Rival leave,  
though tempting be his charms,  
Your dying Shepherd to long'd receive  
into your Snowy Arms,  
The gods they have design'd, that you  
must be my wife at last,  
Then we shall greet like Lovers true  
when Snows are gone and past,

Then shall I well rewarded be,  
with bliss for all my pain,  
And endless my felicity  
when constant you remain,  
Few transports we shall alwaies find,  
for to increase Loves fire,  
When both are mutually thus join'd,  
and have but one desire.

Printed for P. Brookby, at the Golden  
Ball in VVest-smithfield.